

Life

December 12
1930

Price
10 Cents



PITY mere Man at Christmas



↑↑help HIM
select the gift
YOU really want
use the coupon

PICTURE him, a mere solitary male, struggling in the rush and crush of Christmas shoppers! Dazed and dumb amid panoramic displays of perfumes, powders, hosiery and jewelry! Pity, rather than censure him, if the gift he brings is *undesired*.

This year there is a new way to help "him" select the gift you want—the Whiting & Davis "Save-a-Man" campaign. Fill in the coupon below with the name and

address of the man from whom you wish to receive a Whiting & Davis Mesh Costume Bag.

At an appropriate later date, and *without mentioning your identity*, he will receive a message hinting of the desirability of such a gift. Welcome timely suggestion! He will act upon it—and you will receive the gift you prize. Fill in and mail the coupon now. It is the first step toward a happy Christmas.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags—Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass. In Canada: Sherbrooke, Quebec

WHITING & DAVIS Mesh COSTUME BAGS



Look for this trade-mark stamped on the frame of every genuine Whiting & Davis Mesh Costume Bag. It stands for over 50 years of creative craftsmanship.

WHITING & DAVIS CO., Dept L-12
Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass.

Gentlemen: Will you send your Gift Suggestion letter to the name and address below—without, of course, in any way revealing my identity. Thank you.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____



No. W34

Dresden soldered mesh bag.
Silk lining and mirror. Enamel
frame and chain. Real marcasites.
Five inches wide.

HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION



W. L. Bomer, Export Manager, comes out for the tube!

"By rights I ought to be in favor of the jar, for shaving cream in a tube isn't very popular in Europe or in most of my territory. But I know that in America, where most of Ingram's cool shaves are sold, a tube far outsells a jar. And even the famous Ingram jar won't stand up against the new blue and white tube!"

W.L. Bomer

Eleventh Hour Dope on the great \$5,000.00 Ingram Contest!



"The jars have it!" says W. B. Johnson, Assistant Sales Manager.

"It's going to be a fight to the finish. But make no mistake, the famous Ingram jar will come out on top! A million shaving men already like that jar, and they recognize it has advantages no tube can duplicate! An Ingram shave may be fine and cool in any package—but most men will stick by the original blue jar."

W.B. Johnson

The Big fight is coming to a finish Both going strong!

THE twelfth and final month of Ingram's \$5,000.00 contest is under way! Both Ingram jar and Ingram tube have staged a great fight. Many men prefer a tube but thousands swear by the jar. Both contain the same cool cream—both give you a shave that's cool . . . cool . . . COOL . . . COOL!

Which will be the winner? Mr. Johnson is sure the jar will win. Mr. Bomer backs the tube. What do you think? You have 328 chances to win a prize! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was placed on the market in the new tube. Of course it's still sold in the blue jar as well. Five years ago, that jar first introduced Ingram's—the pioneer cool shave. Since then, it has become one of the largest-selling of all shaving creams!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The jar, we know, had a lot to do with Ingram's quick growth in sales. But the most important reason for Ingram's success is that it was the first and best of all cool shaving creams!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in com-

parison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each \$10.00

Ingram's velvet-smooth lather brings a new, cool, stingless delight to the faces of all men. Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin while you shave. You can get either the tube or jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you 10 COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not—enter the contest today!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked

later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 366, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try 10 cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

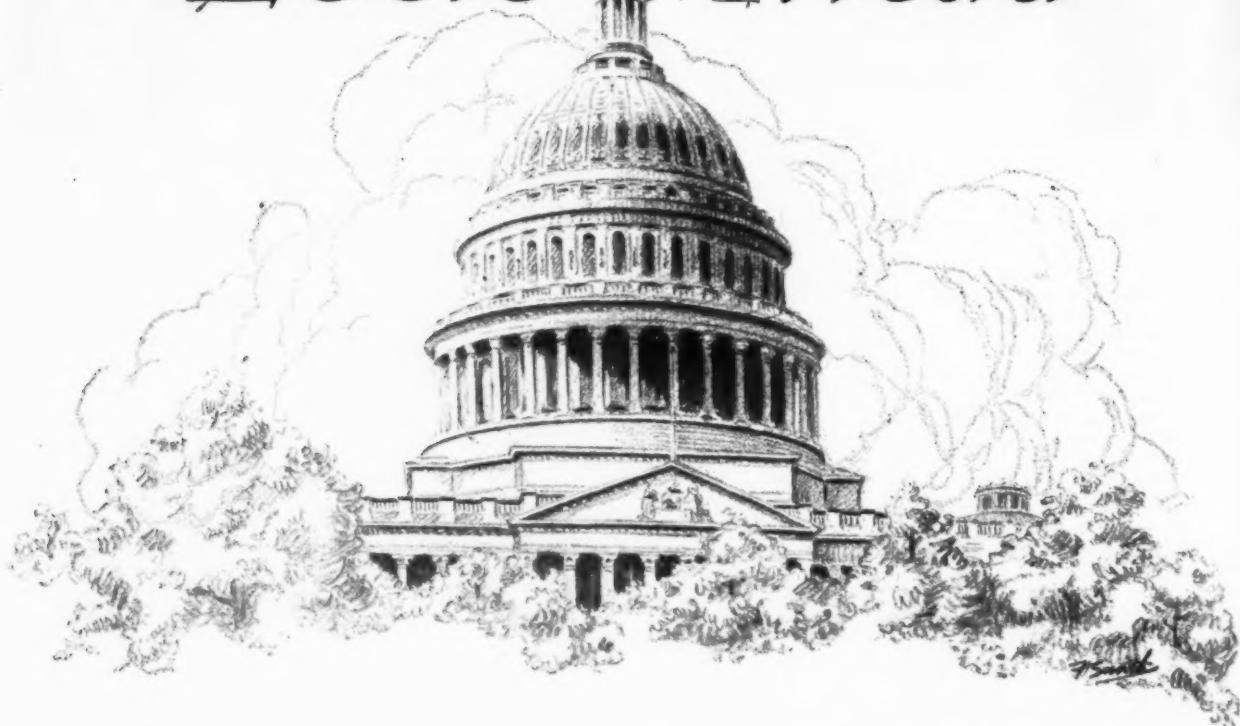
City _____ State _____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free samples.)

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream



Look Ahead



© 1930 M. L. I. CO.

*M*en enjoy a good laugh at their childhood fears. One confesses he was afraid of the bogeyman, another was afraid of the dark, the next was always afraid of a policeman. They laugh about those old fears now.

Last year some of the grown-up children who had not studied too closely the history of business throughout the ages, and more especially the history of the United States, were frankly scared at the abrupt interruption of boom times.

Business depressions have always followed widespread, reckless speculation. The readjustment period is a trying time for even the wisest and most stout-hearted.

But while the United States has been in the doldrums again and again, a review of its history should make even the most pessimistic person optimistic. The prosperity which follows hard times comes sounder and stronger and the country keeps on growing richer.

It is no more sensible to worry over gloomy predictions concerning the business future than it was to worry about the bogeyman.

From the time the country was founded, men have worried about its future and the ever-increasing scale of wages. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was disturbed by the growing cost of living in 1784. He wrote, "Wages of mechanics and labourers which are very extravagant", at a time when skilled mechanics were paid sixty cents a day and laborers thirty-nine cents.

The history of panics and business depressions followed by mounting levels of prosperity, with higher wages and shorter working hours, is worth reading. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to send free a copy of "The Development of Prosperity in America." Ask for Booklet 131-F.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

L i *t* + *e*



"Mama, it's so nice to have Daddy home all the time now."

An All America Alumni

I am presenting the first All America Alumni. I might say it is the *very* first All America Alumni.

Heretofore no summary has listed an "undefeatable eleven" of the Alumni because the field is vast. There are millions of Alumni.

I have not seen every Alumnus of every school, college and university in the United States in action this season, but I have seen most of them. They came out to my little home on Long Island and stuck around until dinner time and spent the night.

In some unaccountable manner the report circulated among the Alumni accompanying visiting teams to New York and vicinity that I was Grover Whalen. As certain as it was Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday night there would be singing beneath our windows. We would peep cautiously and find there a group of the visiting Alumni awaiting their reception.

About the first of November I shaved my moustache, but it was too late. The Alumni merely decided Grover Whalen had shaved his moustache.

Our guest room beds, purchased new three months ago, are worth thousands of dollars now as antiques. If we go near our piano its keys play Alma Mater and then Chop Sticks from habit.

The rug man says the burned place will not be noticeable when our rug is turned with that corner under the couch, and the neighbors' dishes have been sent home or paid for and the football season is over—and I am qualified to name an All America Alumni.

For Captain my choice is Pete. He is a Yale Alumnus.

Pete said he could get tickets to the Yale-Princeton game. He not only got the tickets but got them on the forty-yard line.

Side-stepping dozens of friends who wanted the tickets, eluding his employers who said he must remain at his desk, stiff-arming trainmen who sought to put him on the wrong trains and out-running traffic cops who would have penalized him for being out of his mind, he reached New York in

time for us to drive to the game. It was the neatest bit of broken field running I have seen in all my days as an Alumni watcher.

At guard I would place Eddy and Jim. Both are from Minnesota.

Listening over our radio to the play by play description of the game in which Vanderbilt was defeating Minnesota, Eddy and Jim simply smiled sadly. Instead of seizing a chair and smashing the radio Eddy said, "It bane a good game." Jim said, "A tough yob."

At center, Johnson of Cornell.

Johnson is a man who looks the enemy in the eye and stands his ground. At two o'clock one morning in the Pennsylvania station he became indignant because the man at the information desk would not sell him a ticket. Johnson offered several bills but was told he was not at the proper place to buy a ticket. "I'll fix you,"

said Johnson, and tore up the money and threw it on the floor.

At end I would have Sam, of Harvard, and Robert, of Columbia. They are the only two Alumni I have seen who knew where to stop.

Tackles would be Dudley and Hank, both of Georgia. I saw them in action twice, once after Georgia defeated Yale and once after Georgia defeated N. Y. U. On the offensive they are great. Following the first game a man who a fraction of a second later turned out to be an amateur prize fighter, said they were very offensive. On the defensive they are equally great. Following the second game they would discuss nothing except Bobby Jones.

In the back field I would place the four St. Mary's Alumni who came on from California for the Fordham game. They got lost and by the time they reached the field the game was over.

—Tom Sims.



"How long y' in for, Buddy?"

Christmas Carols

The whirring of the alarm clock. The sudden awakening. The gray half-light of the room. The groping to shut off the clamor. The drowsy puzzling as to its reason. The comfortable reflection that tomorrow is a holiday. The warm bed. The snuggling deeper into the covers. The qualm of remembrance. The squinting at the clock. The hands reading 4:20. The snow on the window-sill. The agonized reflection that the carollers are to meet in half an hour. The decision to remain in bed. The creeping lower in the covers. The attempt to woo slumber. The proddings of conscience. The promise to arise. The counting to ten. The throwing back of the covers. The sub-zero air. The mislaid slippers. The icy clothing. The frenzied dressing. The rush to the meeting place. The discovery that the others are not yet there. The stamping of feet. The thoughts of the warm bed at home. The gushing arrival of Miss Weems and Mrs. Stolder. The attempts at small talk. The distribution of music. The perusal of the bass parts with aid of a flashlight. The arrival of Mr. Arbidey. The speculation as to why Mr. Nuldiff doesn't come. The proposal to wait no longer for him. The appointment to take over his tenor part. The hasty protestations of familiarity only with the bass parts. The assurance by the others that no one will know the difference. The taking up of positions outside the first house. The preliminary jockeying for pitch. The opening stanza. The floundering through the mazes of the tenor part. The failing flashlight. The slamming of a window. The moving on to the next house. The brisk rendition of "Jingle Bells." The sleepy voice raised querulously within. The valiant attempts at the tenor part. The moving in a daze to the next house and the next. The suspicion that both great toes are frozen. The silenced giggles of Miss Weems. The grimly determined alto of Mrs. Stoider. The hoarse croakings of Mr. Arbidey. The ventured suggestion to pass up the other houses on the list. The simulated reluctance. The unanimous agreement. The promise to meet again next year. The hurrying home. The plunge into bed. The sadistic joy at hearing carollers in the distance.

—E. B. Crosswhite.



"Did you see a lady without a lil boy? Th' lil boy is me."

The Outlook

The arts are strictly on the blink,
Religion's sinking low,
There's none but Einstein who can
think.

The morons run the show.

The silver screen is uninspired,
For crime there's fat nutrition,
The judges by the gangs are
hired.

All's lost save prohibition.

On pedestals we love to place
The mediocre mummer.
We always let him lead the race
Until we find one dumber.

Then down with law and down with
art,
Tradition shall not stay me!
And when we've wrecked the apple
cart,
Things will be better—maybe.

—F. W. Hoorn.



*"Hard times! Why we've been using guest towels at our house
for two whole months now!"*

Christmas Card Tricks

Take a Christmas card. Look at the card. Place it in an envelope. Address and stamp the envelope and drop it in a mail box. Now, you don't see the card, do you? It is gone, isn't it?

"Ho!" you say. "That is no trick!"

"Ho!" I say. "You say it isn't?"

It is as neat a trick as you have ever seen if it is done properly. Did you mail any cards last Christmas to persons from whom you received none? Did you receive any from persons to whom you sent none? Were the names on your cards spelled correctly? Were the cards mailed at the proper time? How are you managing this year? How's everything and everybody out your way?

The conscientious Christmas card mailer is confronted by many qualms

and probabilities. He must mind his *q*'s and *p*'s. Some of the *q*'s and *p*'s may be circumvented, while others must be faced. I trust a brief account of my experiences and expediencies may prove helpful.

There is the time element. It is important. A properly mailed Christmas card should reach its destination by the last mail on Christmas Eve. This gets your greetings to the recipient on time and takes him unawares. It is too late for him to send you a card.

A poorly mailed card reaches its destination a day or so before or after Christmas. If a couple of days early, the receiver dashes out and sends you one. You have no way of knowing if you were on his list. If a couple of days late, the receiver thinks you had

some cards left over and he was merely an afterthought. His reaction is the same as if you said: "Can you come to lunch with me yesterday?"

My experience is that a careful scrutiny of the postmarks on letters received during the year helps me time my Christmas cards. We'll say at four o'clock in the afternoon I receive a letter mailed in Chicago at ten the previous morning. Allowing six hours delay for the Christmas rush, I drop a card to that Chicago friend in the mail chute at the post office at exactly four o'clock on the morning of December 23.

With friends in a number of cities this keeps me at the post office pretty well from December 20 to December 24, day and night. The crowds are quite interesting. Now and then someone asks me to hold my finger on the string while he ties a knot. Maybe a veiled lady wants me to lick a stamp for her. If time drags I stand in line at the general delivery window and ask if there is any mail for me. Every few hours there is the thrill as I take my place at the mail chute and await the proper moment to drop a card.

Aside from the time element the Christmas card mailer faces the problem of remembering and spelling names. It is a puzzler for the amateur. As he begins addressing the envelopes complications arise. What is Bill's last name? What are the Johnsons' initials? Does Mack spell his name "Mc" or "Mac"?

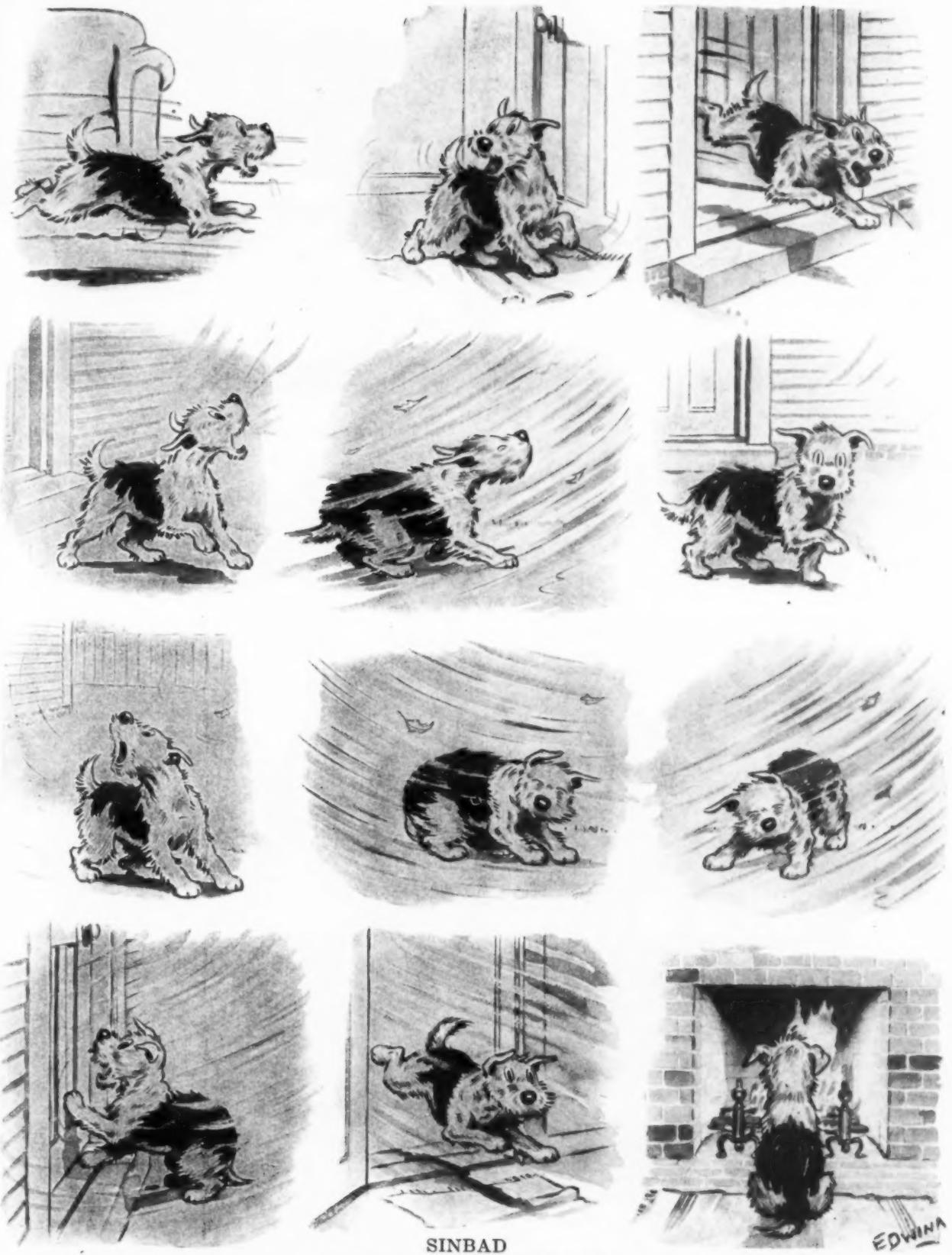
The solution is so simple you'll be surprised. Just write "Ye Olde Bill" or "Ye Quainte Johnsons" or "Ye Gude Mack." Of course the address must be correct. There may be several Bills and Johnsons and Macks in the city.

The question of to whom a card should be sent and from whom a card will be received is a major one. Unfortunately there is no way of determining who is and who isn't a Christmas card acquaintance.

I have a friend in Los Angeles who sent me a card about seven years ago. The following Christmas I sent him one, but since he received none from me the previous Christmas I was off his list. The next Christmas the reverse was true. This alternating situation has continued with the result that every year I either receive a card from him or send one to him. It has become an ideal arrangement.



"What would you suggest for a child of twelve, Santa?"



SINBAD
The winter winds do blow!

(7)

EDWINA

Chew on the Aisle

"Our problem," says the owner of a chain of movies, "is to keep people from sitting through the same show twice." Has he tried scraping the chewing gum off the seats?

California Rap-sody

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: And when it rained forty days and forty nights, what happened then?

BRIGHT WILLIE: The natives said it was very unusual.

Good Old Herb !

President Hoover is doing everything he can for the country. He has asked Congress not to have a special session.



"You'll get the chair for this!"

Pacifist

In picking out the likely guys
To cop the well-known Nobel prize
For peace promotion, seems to me,
Those lads have muffed it woefully.

For tireless efforts to impede
All conflict and espouse the creed
Of lasting peace, I nominate
The title-holding heavyweight.

—George Peck.

Tag Day

There is no need to take the price tag off of the gift for father. He will find out soon enough anyway.

Conservative

IKE: And how is business wit you dis week?

ABE: Colossal—but it vill pick up.

This Little Pig Got A Buckshot

A Michigan hunter who shot off two toes evidently is the type who is determined to bring back something.

— he replied, Lamely

MACPHERSON (hoping for free advice): Doctor, what should I do for a sprained ankle?

DOCTOR (also Scotch): Limp!



"Well, if it isn't Miss Fiditch, our old school teacher!"

Little Orchid Annie

Little Orchid Annie's come to our house to play,
An' rearrange our living room, an' take our stuff away,
An' fill the nooks with chromium, an' ebony, an' suede,
An' Rodier prints, an' colored glass, for which she's overpaid!
An' all us simple homefolk, when the decoratin's done,
We set around on spring steel chairs an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the tall tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Psychoses that gets you
Ef you

Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was an antiquarian forgot to say his prayers—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His Valet heered him holler, an' his Butler heered him bawl,
An' when they seeked him in the Hepplewhite, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the Sheraton, an' Chippendale, an' yes,
They seeked him in the Duncan Fyfe, an' ever'wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was his mounted speckled trout:
An' the Psychoses 'll git you
Ef you

Don't
Watch
Out!

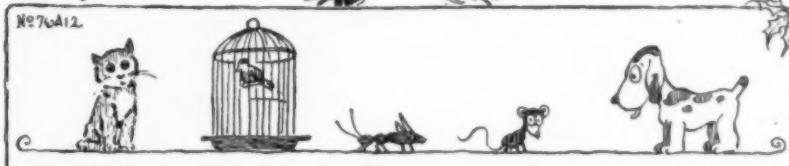
An' little Orchid Annie says, when the drapes are blue,
An' the upholstery's robin's egg, and the doorknobs too!
An' th' sideboard's half of nickel plate, an' half of it is grey,
An' th' rug is full of algebra, an' th' lighting's all X-Ray—
You better mind yer geometrics, an' keep yer elevations plain,
An' sit tight on yer spring steel chair no matter how it pain.
An' watch th' foreign architects, and learn what It's about.
Er the Psychoses 'll git you
Ef you

Don't
Watch
Out!

*—ed. graham,
ghosting James W. Riley.*

Our Own Mail Order Catalogue.

Christmas Suggestions



Set of assorted creatures not to be stirring all through the house the night before Christmas.

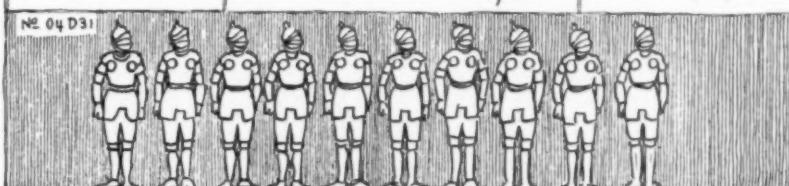
Per set \$16.92

No. 8782.	No. 9506	
BLACK PAINT	Cycle of Cathay. (Better than fifty years in Europe.)	String for you to always harp on

\$16.66 per gal.

\$372.41

\$7.00 per inch.



Ten knights for in your barroom.

\$676.77

No. 13E66.	No. 6634	No. 72 K41.
Beam Mote	Wastebasket for carrying out your ideas.	An eye for your eye. A tooth for your tooth.

Beam for in your own eye, and a Mote for in your brother's.

\$18.20

\$120.00

\$44.11

No. 672.	Rye, for a body to meet a body coming through.
	\$15,928.44 per case.

N.W. Pollard '30

Comparisons

I often wish that I could see
The kind of girl I used to be.

I often wish I could recall
If I had any sense at all.

I often wish that I could talk
With me who was, or sit, or walk

And gage the progress of my mind
By years that I have left behind.

On second thought, I always grant
That it is just as well I can't.

—Myra M. Waterman.

The Bull Is Never Idle

"When prices are low the farmer is further involved by having to support idle cattle," says a banker. There is some talk of making the cows catch mice in their spare time.



ARIZONA.

"Farewell, Chief Peebles—no forget tell Big Chief Hoover business depression very, very sound here."



"Say, Santy, I never used this awful hunk o' junk y' left me last Christmas, so how's to get a rebate?"

And They Did

'Way, 'way back, in the dim long ago, before the dawn of history, one of our antediluvian ancestors, wondering what to do with himself, idly tossed rings of weeds over a small stake that had been driven into the ground a short distance from him.

"What are you doing, Bearhide?" asked a friend. Bearhide looked up, startled, and grinned rather sheepishly.

"Oh, hello, Dogtooth, old man; look! I've invented a new game! The idea is to toss one of these rings over the stake, in one try! You have three chances, if you miss, it's my turn. Want to give it a play?"

"All roight," said Dogtooth. "Give me the rings. Do I throw with all my moight, or just a loight chuck, like this?"

"Take it easy." Bearhide seemed amused. "That's a funny speech, you have, old man. Can't you say 'right' and 'micht' and 'light' instead of 'moight' and those other words?"

"Oh, poipe down! You purists give me a pain! There! You made me miss! Say, what do you call this game, anyway?"

"I haven't thought of a name for it yet. Can you suggest anything?"

"I can't say, off-hand! Darn! Another miss! Why don't you name it something like 'golf' or 'tennis'? Of course, I know there are games using those names, but you could change a letter here and there. It'd seem all-roight, to me!"

"No! I want something original; ha! ha! another miss! You're not so good old man; here, let me try!"

"Aw!" Dogtooth was disgusted. "This is a heck of a game! Let's call it quoits?"

"Fine!" Bearhide yelled delightedly. "Quoits it is!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

NOVEMBER 20.—Resolved this morning to hold no speech soever with Samuel, for that he did arrive forty-

five minutes late at a dinner last night through his inability to quit a back-gammon tournament because of his cronies' placing bets on him, and that, albeit nominally and temporarily abstinent from spirituous liquor, he did immediately quaff two beakers of champagne in a situation where I was powerless to reprove him. But when he began to warble "*Sixteen men on the dead man's chest*" with considerable reiteration, I could not withhold from correcting his numerology, and the wretch swore that he had purposely made the error forasmuch as he knew that I should not be able to endure it silently. And I was also minded that I had well nigh reached adolescence before I ceased to give an anatomical interpretation to that "chest" in Stevenson's stanza. Late abed, balancing my accounts and reading the journals, the dreary and equivocal headlines of which did set me to thinking unpatriotically that mayhap the American Revolution was a mistake, that we might all be better off as subjects of the British crown, and that it may have been a pity that only one man in the House of Commons was awake when Burke made his speech on conciliation. But Lord! I should never dare to voice such sentiments, lacking both the knowledge and the inclination to back them up, and realizing that any amateur historian or economist could annihilate me with one well chosen declarative sentence. A splendidly roasted ham for dinner this night, and then to the playhouse, riding nervous, as usual, through the traffic, and methinks that those who rode in tumbrils could have been no more apprehensive than I am whilst crossing town in a taxicab, for at least they *knew* what was going to befall them.

NOVEMBER 21.—The telephone a ringing early, and it was C. Dodds, to tell me that in spite of the hard times, he was still keeping freshly cut artificial flowers in his library, whereupon I swore at him for awakening me, and was mollified only by the promise of some sheaves of silver paper in which

to wrap my Christmas packages. Then Emilie to massage my neck and shoulders, wherein was a great constriction, and she did keep saying, "*Madame, laissez vous aller; ne soyez pas si tente*," until I could have reached up and whacked her, for methinks a command to relax is as futile of immediate fulfillment as an injunction to make one's mind a perfect blank, unless addressed to an individual with whom lethargy and vacuity are chronic. Up and did on my wine-coloured velvet, and off to a luncheon of cronies in honor of Marge Boothby's birthday, and before her arrival we did tee our hats like Queen Mary's, don false ears and noses from Shakmann's, equip ourselves with large trick lorgnettes, and line up in the hall against the ringing of the bell, and when the door opened it was a man from the telephone company, who fled down the

corridor as though he had stumbled upon the holiday of a psychopathic ward. Lydia Loomis, just back from settling up the personal effects of her aunt's estate, told how she had renounced a rosewood spinet for two bottles of absinthe without feeling at all as though she had come away with a mess of pottage, whereupon the cocktails were straightway seasoned with some of it, and Louise Carmichael, here for the occasion from Chicago, confided her satisfaction in having given most of her money to her maid with instructions that it should not be returned to her unless she engaged in physical combat to regain it. But the afternoon passed merrily without any casualties whatsoever, since we were able to dissuade the hostess from descending to the street with a silver bowl of apples bearing a "For Sale" sign.



"Lester, I'm ashamed of you. Your conduct tonight was perfectly disgraceful!"



Football

IN THE matter of football, the college of the largest benevolence seems to be Harvard. The other colleges of less antiquity, Middle Western, Roman Catholic and so on, and the Eastern colleges her neighbors, like to play her, and if they beat her they are much pleased and make a note of it. This year they beat her good and plenty. Several of them put forward better teams than she had at her best, but Harvard as a rule practiced some thrift in her preliminary engagements and tried to save some of her best men alive to play Yale. Then finally she got to work and actually beat Yale, quite significantly, thereby increasing the calculation and advertising value of every game she had played this season, so that everybody that beat her or tied her now feels superior to Yale also. So Harvard gives pleasure to her football contemporaries and not really at any serious cost to herself because her great festival of the gridiron is the Yale game.

A couple of Yale men had broken legs after the Yale-Harvard game and another was damaged. No one killed, thank Heaven! It would seem that no parent that wants his child to grow up would encourage him to play inter-collegiate football but, of course, there are chances about everything worth mentioning in this life, and all things considered to play safe is about as dangerous as anything else. Football is absurd, but probably it is worth its charges. It helps to get life out of a rut. It supplies a motive for exertions that has no economical valuation. It seems to be a part of contemporary life and on the whole is probably good for it.

Wickersham

ANY earnest dispute, whether it is football, or Church politics, or anything else, is likely to be helpful in the end to a fuller understanding of what it concerns. In the great battle between the Wets and the Drys, which will now after the football season have more attention than ever, Mr. Wickersham for the moment seems to be the football. The Drys are sharp after him and the Commission of which he is Chairman and adjure him with threats and the possibility of execrations not to come out for 4 per cent beer or any other easement of Volstead. They are also clutching at the throat of the Republican party and warning it not to go Wet or back down an inch in the next presidential convention from the Dry position. They want the government to employ 5,000 more enforcement agents and say they have the men already under Civil Service rules.



"Where does it hurt, mister?"

All these efforts and outcries indicate that the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Morals feel the ground shaking beneath them and are worried. One reads even of dissension among the Dry authorities, and of influential individual Dry agents throwing up the sponge and admitting that Prohibition enforcement is impossible.

These are all encouraging signs. Mr. Wickersham's Commission, if it is to make a report, has got to agree on

something, and the general belief that there is strenuous disagreement in its membership favors the expectation that the report will be an interesting document, but there is little hope of help from that direction. The report will probably side-step all opinions of importance on the expediency of the Amendment or of the Volstead law on the ground that it has no authority to express such opinions. It will be interesting but probably not helpful. Mr. Hoover seems to have created it for the purpose of giving an appearance that he was doing something to redeem his pre-election promises. Perhaps it will accomplish that purpose. Mr. Wickersham is a good lawyer, a gentleman of experience, social, legal and political. If he were free to speak his mind he might say something of real interest.

IT IS likely that there is enough energy in American men and institutions, government and otherwise, to clean up racketeering in New York, Chicago and elsewhere.

Every kind of disorder—racketeering, gun men, jewel robberies, kidnapping—all the disturbing incidents we find in the newspaper, are associated with Prohibition, the consequences of war and the development of the motor car. One of the charges against Prohibition is that it has put all the resources of contemporary civilization at the service of crime. It may be fairly charged against the war that it educated in violence and sudden death many persons whose training in those particulars survived the armistice.

As for the motor car, it is the greatest killer of all, but it is now our indispensable servant whom we cannot abolish. The job is to civilize it.

But as for racketeering—that must stop. To stop it is a big police job, but it must be done and doubtless Sicilian practices match ill with ours.

BUT the great job of all is to feed the hungry and take care of the unemployed!

—E. S. Martin.



"Are you a good girl yet?"
"No, mother—I'll ring when I am."

Father's Christmas Schedule

- Dec. 1—Send Rupert fifty and see that he reserves berth home from school on Number 6.
- Dec. 2—Send Lois seventy-five and order her to wire confirmation of space home on Number 12.
- Dec. 4—Send Junior hundred and remind him to get compartment for self and roommate son of important man.
- Dec. 18—Send chauffeur with chains on to meet Rupert at flag stop.
- Dec. 19—Wire business friend in Buffalo to get Lois off wrong train and reconsign her.
- Dec. 20—Spend day at station meeting all trains personally till Junior and roommate get in.
- Dec. 21—Fight for Rupert's reservation going back.
- Dec. 22—Chart Lois' return with passenger traffic manager and arrange for conductors to watch out.
- Dec. 24—Get drawing-room befitting Junior's roommate. Take collateral to bank and arrange for loan till Spring vacation.
- Dec. 25—Open parcel containing suspenders. —McCready Huston.

Christmas Fable

To celebrate the Christmas Holiday
And make his festival a jolly day,
The Nobler Qualities were all invited;
As usual, not one of them was slighted.
So there were Friendship, Kindness, Pleasure, Mirth,
Festivity, the well-known Peace-on-Earth,
Abundance, Generosity and Love;
But while with feast and song they hung above
The hearth a most prodigious Christmas stocking,
A cry was heard accompanied by knocking:
"We weren't asked—we never are by you,
And still, you see, we've come; we always do."

Pleasure unbarred the door, and standing there
Beheld the grim, inevitable pair;
Yes, there they were again beyond a question,
The witches, Indigence and Indigestion!

—Arthur Guiterman.



"Even the people who never intend to pay ain't buying."

Great Minds at Work

So long as cannon exist, they will be the most beautiful of beautiful things.
—Benito Mussolini.

Under our system, a nation of good citizens cannot have a bad government.
—Calvin Coolidge.

This is not yet what you can call a really civilized world.
—Arthur Brisbane.

I want nothing save to leave the city a little better than I found it. That's all I want to live on the rest of my life. —Mayor James J. Walker.

I've been a very good girl. Why, I haven't married anyone for four or five years. —Peggy Joyce.

I can think of no one having a motive which would lead to an assault upon me. —Legs Diamond.

The big world does not know the little world of Hollywood.
—Mary Pickford.

The detective novel must have a detective in it; and a detective is not a detective unless he detects.
—S. S. Van Dine.

I notice that the fellows who are in the bootlegging business are men without character and not afraid of going to prison. —Simeon Fess.

I don't know what the hell this country needs. —Sinclair Lewis.

As I take stock of myself and try to imagine how others might consider me as being eligible as a husband, I personally fail to see why I should receive many, if any proposals at all.
—Rudy Vallee.

Love is often irresistible in its allure-
ment. —Bernarr Macfadden.



As We Imagine It.

PARCEL POST EMPLOYEE: *Oh, boy—here comes the fragile stuff!*

Xmas Precautions

The first thing on the shopping list should be some labels such as "Fragile" and "Handle With Care" and "This Side Up." Get them and, before continuing the shopping, paste them on your hat.

Sitting Pretty

"Even on icy days," says a fashion designer, "the modern girl is more comfortable than was the old-fashioned six-petticoated girl."

She isn't if she slips.



"Yes, madam, they're very exclusive."

London Day By Day

(As O. O. McIntyre Would Have Recorded It in 1600)

Thoughts While Strolling: Another boy from the country who made good, Mr. William Shakspere, whose latest opus is quite a hit. Ben Jonson standing in front of the Fortune Theatre, sporting a new green coat. The crowd in front of the new tobacco shop. The Londoner stands and rubbers at things just as much as the simplest country rube. Ed Spenser, the poet, and his wife. So many coaches on the streets one can hardly make one's way around. Stopped to speak to Dick Hakluyt, who has been going places and doing things lately. They do say his books are wow-ing the woman's clubs.

A well-known man about town whose name 'twere better to omit had a new one to tell the better half the other night. It seems he had been imbibing rather freely, and had spent the greater part of the evening in restful repose in the gutter. When wifey demanded an explanation of the muddy condition of his clothes, the quick-thinking souse replied that he had placed his cloak over a mud-puddle for the Queen to walk upon. London is full of these geniuses!

London is going wild over this lad Shakspere. Just a few years ago he came to the city, got an obscure part in a show down at the Globe and took up play-writing on the side. Just like that. Now he's the toast of the town and his "Romeo and Juliet" is turning them away.

One of the wittiest men in London is Francis Bacon, a queer duck, never seems to be thinking of anything particularly brilliant, but he has a mind that works like lightning, so they say. 'Tis rumored he is responsible for some of the best nifties in the aforementioned Shakspere's plays. Incidentally it was Bacon who made that crack about Robert Devereux—you know, calling him "the Fair Essex."

Londoners are hot-footing it over to the Mermaid Tavern these days, where many a local celebrity is on view. Mine host is advertising the Sir Walter Raleigh sandwich, the Samuel Daniel sandwich, the Queen Elizabeth, and so on, *ad nauseam*. Well despite my own contempt, the idea is going over bigger than a bread line up in Scotland, and at four shillings a bite too!

—A. S.

The Authority

By BERTON BRALEY.

I can show by solid figures, undeniably exact,
How to operate the railroads in a way
That would expedite the service and would save them, for a fact,
Enough to make the owners very gay;
I could run the postal service in a manner that would pay
If the Government was willing to be shown,
And my scientific tariff scheme could never go astray—
I know everybody's business but my own.

I could teach a lot of histrions a better way to act,
I could help a playwright write a smarter play,
I could show a bunch of fighters (it would need a little tact)
How to function more expertly in a fray.
I have inspirations useful to a sculptor molding clay,
I can tell an artist more than he has known,
I can show a harbor pilot how to navigate the bay—
I know everybody's business but my own.

Don't imagine me a person with a cerebellum cracked,
Or a truculent and egotistic jay,
I'm just one of these unfortunates whom others' jobs attract,
And I somehow cannot seem to leave 'em lay.
So I'm always doping systems on the way to drive a dray
Or how operatic singers should intone,
And my hunches aren't so rotten, and quite honestly I say,
"I know everybody's business but my own!"

ENVOY

I'd be very glad to tell you—and I'll do so, if I may,
How your profits might effectively be grown;
(Have you got a five about you you could spare till Saturday?)—
I know everybody's business but my own.



Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Methodists.

BEGINNING in January, the shrewd Mr. Raskob promised us just before election, business will start improving. It came perilously near being a "sixty day" prediction, similar to that made by President Hoover last winter, but one hopes it is more accurate.

Raskob's prediction struck dismay to the hearts of certain Democratic leaders. They had been accepting the doctrine that only a continuance of the Hoover panic, or its effects at least, until the presidential election would give them a chance.

But if they could know the worry that is going on in the White House—if they could realize the pulling and hauling to which the great engineering mind is being subjected—or perhaps if they would even talk to Mr. Raskob about the outlook—they would be rejoiced. There is a very dark lining of the silver cloud which prosperity would seem to mean for the G. O. P.

"On this prohibition thing," one of the original Hoover men on the Republican National Committee writes, "it seems to me that we are damned if we do and damned if we don't."

That is the dark lining.

All the Drys are beating the tom toms, stirring up their caldrons, and trying to make Mr. Hoover their hero and leader. They are frightened that this Lickersham Commission, as George Rothwell Brown calls it, may report in favor of beer. They are even more afraid that Mr. Hoover might use this as an excuse to lean slightly toward modification.

Hence the imposing lists of names of prominent figures who are going to join hands against the evil forces. Hence the emphasis on the necessity of standing behind our noble President. Hence the talk about seeing to it that Hoover delegations must be chosen, and the prediction that he will be renominated and re-elected.

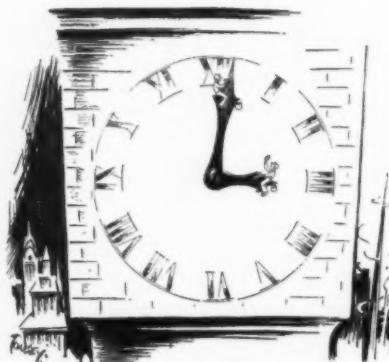
On the other side Frank R. Kent, the only Hoovercrat who made any perceptible progress in trying to hamstring Jouett Shouse and Charley Michelson in their murderous barrage against the Administration, has been

marshalling electoral vote figures for the President's guidance. Kent points out in alarm that the "New York group" of states has become a greater factor in the electoral college due to re-apportionment.

New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, he points out, will have 71 electoral votes of the 266 necessary to elect next time. They had only 66. No candidate for President, he insists, is apt to be elected without the 47 votes of New York in the next electoral college.

He does not mention prohibition. He does not mention Massachusetts and Rhode Island, both of which went for Smith last time and voted wringing wet this time. But he adds up enough sure Republican votes, if the "New York group" is included, to elect a President. He leaves Massachusetts out of this list, but includes Rhode Island.

The logical deduction would be that sufficient moisture to hold these Wet



"Hey, Jim, will ye give us a cigarette?"

"Sure, can ye wait about fifteen minutes?"

Northeastern—and normally Republican—states in line would assure the re-election of Hoover without the slightest difficulty, even against a Democrat who might run wringing wet.

For instance, consider this aggregation of electoral votes:

New York	47	Pennsylvania	36
New Jersey	16	Ohio	26
Connecticut	8	Illinois	29
Massachusetts	17	Michigan	19
Rhode Island	4	California	22
Maine	5	Iowa	11
N. Hampshire	4	Wisconsin	12
Vermont	3	Washington	8

(16)

They total 267, or one more vote than necessary to elect, bearing in mind that the total number of electoral votes is not changed by the re-apportionment.

But here is just where the Democratic chuckling begins. It is what causes even the astute Walter Newton, of the White House Secretariat, to wrinkle his brows.

For if Mr. Hoover remains dry, and the Democrats should nominate a Roosevelt, or an Owen Young, or a Robert J. Bulkley, how can one be sure that New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts will stay in the column? How could one even be sure of Ohio and Illinois?

And these states are vital! Try to count up enough probable Republican electoral votes without them!

On the other hand, if he should go sufficiently moist to placate the Wets, consider the Dry threat. Their tactics are obvious. For they have reasoned for years, so far as the North is concerned, that they do not care about the Democratic Party, but they MUST rule the Republicans.

They threaten Hoover, against the possible though not probable development that he might favor modification, with an independent Dry Republican candidate. Thus they would work against Hoover the same plan they worked against Senator Wadsworth in 1926, and against Tuttle in New York and Ruth Hanna McCormick in Illinois this time.

And there is no use talking about splitting the South again in Hoover's behalf against a Wet Democrat, unless the religious issue can be revived. The imposing political tombstones of Furiniford Simmons in North Carolina and of Tom Heflin in Alabama, and the unmarked political graves of Horace A. Mann and other Hoovercrats, give no encouragement to possible imitators in 1932.

So that even the prospect that Raskob may be right about returning prosperity, and that there may be the "chicken in every pot" so much desired by Mr. Hoover back in the 1928 campaign, does not cut the gloom among Grand Old Party leaders, nor stifle the unrestrained joy of the Democracy.



"Gosh, Ed, some storm!"
"Yeah, it's them darned Republicans."

Theatre · by Baird Leonard

A STRANGE excitement prevailed before the opening of "Smiles." Orchids were ordered, ermine coats were sent to the cleaners, and dinner hours were advanced so that the preliminary arrivals at the season's most sensational premiere could be viewed in all their sartorial glory. Tickets sold at the last minute for one hundred and fifty dollars a pair, two great searchlights were focused on the theatre, mounted police and regular patrolmen were enlisted to keep back the proletariat. Reporters and cameramen thronged the sidewalk. A court evening in London is a dull thing in comparison. And what for? One of the most unimportant musical comedies that ever was presented in New York. It had been rumored that Mr. Ziegfeld had made desperate

eleventh hour efforts to glorify his libretto, calling in the gifted Mr. Lardner to write a few lyrics and to pep up the book, which Louis Bromfield had quit cold and which William Anthony McGuire did so badly by. But all their work went for practically nothing, and I, for one, set down herewith that if Marilyn Miller is incapable of playing anything but a Cinderella rôle, it would be much better to let her do the original story from year to year, with Joseph Urban and the costume companies providing the necessary variations. Vincent Youmans' music is not even adequate for those who like to hum reminiscently after they get home, and when I tell you that the boosted song is entitled "With Time on My Hands, and You in My Arms," you can believe me, or not. There is one lyric, "If I were You, Love," which is splendid, and which was apparently interpolated by Mr. Lardner more or less in the spirit of the marines. There is also one dance number by Miss Miller which is so pointless and in such execrable taste that it is difficult for its

witnesses to believe their eyes, and which brings to mind the old proverbialism that every clown nourishes a secret wish to play Hamlet. The Astaires are excellent, as usual, and if anyone should approach me suddenly with a direct question, I should confide that Adele, even in an underwritten and submerged part, ran away with the show.

NOBODY can play a nitwit woman like Mary Boland. She has appeared in pieces in which her part seemed to be just a trifle too much for credibility, and she has therefore gained a reputation for overacting which is probably undeserved. But in "The Vinegar Tree" she is exactly right. I am inclined to credit Winchell Smith, that splendid director, with much of the success of this delightful comedy, for I can detect his restraining hand in many of its situations which could so easily have gone wrong. And if he did not put in the line "Is there any of that duck left?" at a moment when the skies were apparently falling, I hope Mr. Wiman, the producer, or Mr. Osborn, the author, will set me right. I cannot tell you the significance of the strange title, which is used only once in the dialogue as a feature of the garden. I have never heard of a vinegar tree, nor has anyone of my acquaintance, but the press agent has revealed in the journals that it is a growth of obstreperous foliage, which is an excellent expression for the psychology which belongs to Miss Boland's rôle. Even normal sensible women dramatize their lives—if one of them ever tells you that she doesn't you can set her down for a liar—and the fluttery type which Miss Boland represents could get into considerable trouble if they were not supplied with crotches.



... in which Mr. Ziegfeld stars Miss Marilyn Miller and the merry Astaires. Mr. Tom Howard at the drum.



Ferdinand Gottschalk, toying with his high C and probably regretting the fact that he is not the type to give his musical protege the help she is seeking in the picture below.

sity husbands and placid children, which, inexplicably, they have usually managed to acquire. The slender plot of this amusing piece is a woman's attempt to revive an old romance, without being sure of its hero's identity or his vocation, and the consequences make up one of the most satisfactory evenings I have spent in the theatre for some time.

A PLAY which is probably not running at the moment this appears in print, but which seemed to me to deserve a better fate, is "Schoolgirl." Adolescence is an uninteresting theme, and it is well known that youth is a period which we all must survive in order to be made tolerable for the years which remain to us as adult members of society. "Schoolgirl" was concerned with the age-old effort of parents to regulate unruly children by packing them off to ivy-covered walls, and the results were interesting, if not dramatic. The Southern dialect was a bit trying, but there was a moving realism about the Bradshaw household which caused me to shed a sympathetic tear or two. The scene in the boarding-school was intense, but I found it quite possible to believe and enjoy it, even though there were instances when Lesbianism seemed about to rear its ugly head. I was also interested in a young girl's frank admissions concerning sex, something which I have never before heard convincingly made either in literature or in life.

THE most outstanding thing I can say about "Scarlet Sister Mary" is that I was moved, at one point in the proceedings, to reach out and grasp the hand of Mr. George Jean Nathan, with whom I was hitherto unacquainted, and ask him if he was sharing my odd reaction to what was going on before our eyes. He probably thought me in my cups, but his reply was worldly, reassuring, and what I hope is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Miss Barrymore is undoubtedly giving one of the most sincere performances of her career as this Gullah woman who loved with a promiscuity which would astonish even an obstetrical ward, but it would please me

much more to see her in one of the polite comedies to which she has accustomed us, and I am unable to put in writing what I think of her for permitting her daughter to make her debut in blackface. A debutante's natural heritage is organie and orchids, and therefore, as Ramsey Milholland said of the German invasion of Belgium, "it don't seem right to me." Even the sight of Estelle Winwood as Cinder was strange, but the entire evening was for me so out of order that the best thing I can do is to remember charitably that the first man who carried an umbrella was stoned to death, and, lamenting faintly that our first actress has found material for her art in Gullah negroes, call it a department.



"Tonight or
Never"

It seems that Helen Gahagan has been convinced of that serviceable old line about "you cannot do this or that until you have lived." So here is Helen trying to sell Melvyn Douglas on the idea of live and let live and what are you doing tonight?

The firm jaw and clenched fist are a manly if futile effort by Mr. Douglas to disguise his eagerness.

And could she sing the next day?

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Min and Bill"

METRO-GOLDWYN made no mistake in selecting Director George Hill to handle the picture which co-stars two of the screen's most popular performers, Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. As a general rule, stories are adapted to the screen, but in this case Mr. Hill took Lorna Moon's "Dark Star" and adapted it to Marie and Wallace.

In case you are not familiar with the plot, it may be well to tell you that Marie plays the rôle of a waterfront boarding-house mistress, and Wallace, a tough fisherman, is her star boarder.

The story is not a comedy. It is a tragedy, and a pretty unpleasant one, but by sheer force of their talents for fun Marie and Wallace inject a good many laughs.

Equally as important as the competent work of the two stars is the splendid performance given by Marjorie Rambeau as the degenerate mother of the girl whom Marie seeks to protect and bring up decently. The idea is not new, but Miss Dressler gives it a fresh impression by her remarkable depiction of a rough, hard-boiled woman masking her affection for the girl under a gruff exterior, and finally committing a crime to protect her future.

"Min and Bill" is a powerful film, which will be enjoyed and appreciated by everybody except people who object to unpleasant endings.

"Just Imagine"

A LONG time ago Willie and Eugene Howard appeared in a sketch which prognosticated life in America fifty years hence, the general idea being that this period of progress will see things simplified to the point where an entire meal may be consumed by swallowing a pill—drinks taken the same way—and babies delivered by slot machines. The gag line was, "Oh, For The Good Old Days." The fifty years are about up since the Howards made their prediction, so Fox thought it time that somebody took up the idea again. Therefore we have "Just Imagine," which is the movie treatment of the theme greatly elaborated.

The climax of the film is a trip to

Mars undertaken by the hero for fame and the love of a lady. The planet and its people are depicted with a prodigal lavishness which may appeal to small children and over-whimsied adults, but which, to the casual observer, is just a plain waste of money.

During the picture John Garrick sings quite pleasantly to Maureen O'Sullivan, which is all right—or as all right as singing is in movies. Then John reaches Mars. The queen leads him to a telescope that he may look back upon the planet from which he came. John looks, and as he recognizes the familiar outlines of North

rising situation is the father's statement in objection to his daughter's lover, the gist of which is, "My Fanny will never be a Pratt." Somebody should send Will Hays and the boys the book about the birds and flowers.

So here we have a film that is a sort of naughty "Alice In Wonderland," and in spite of what we have said a great many people were highly amused by it the night we attended. Just imagine.

"Derelict"

THE story of "Derelict" is all about two sailor men who say to each other, "Now get this. She is my girl, see, so you lay off" . . . "You mean she was your girl" . . . "Oh, yeah?" . . . "Yeah!" Sometimes we wonder if it would not have been better if "What Price Glory" had never been written. It started an endless string of these tales about two virile men who are either soldiers or sailors and who travel all over the world fighting about women.

Because of the commonplace story it is more to the credit of George Bancroft and William Boyd that they manage, with considerable assistance from Director Rowland V. Lee, to create a fair amount of entertainment and excitement. "Derelict" differs from the general run of "Sez you" and "Oh yeah" movies in that it stresses the serious rather than the comic, but even though the plot is taken seriously and pampered along for an hour or so it threatens to curl up and die during the closing chapters. It is at this point that Director Lee rushes in and restores the breath of life to the prostrate vehicle—a procedure that requires nothing less than a hurricane at sea.

You have probably noticed that when a tough love-em-and-leave-em sailor man like Mr. Bancroft falls in love in the movies, it is always with a "good" girl. The heroine in this story, therefore, had to be re-fined looking. The story also demanded that she sing. Jessie Royce Landis looks like a good girl and she can sing—which explains her presence in the film to the best of our ability.

Donald Sturart is an efficient Cockney comedian, and Archie Stout deserves a word of praise for his photography.



"Oh, George, you've lost that gold inlay again!"

and South America on the distant sphere, Maureen's face suddenly appears obscuring the whole darned world and, with tears in its eyes, starts repeating the chorus of the theme song, the sentiment of which is, "You Are the Words, and I Am the Melody." At such moments a movie critic envies the man on the corner selling unemployed apples.

To further substantiate the fact that the board of censorship means nothing (as though it needed substantiation) there is a song by El Brendel in which he tells about a girl named Fanny who loves a young Mr. Pratt. Among the possibilities developed from this prom-



"Merry Christmas, dear!"
"Oh, Charles! Just what I've always wanted!"

Vell, I'll Tell You—

The shopping crowds in New York are not noisy. There are so few New Yorkers who can carry on a conversation with their hands filled with bundles.

The Complete Bather

Ideal gifts for some friends would be a reading lamp to fit at the head of the bath tub, or a music rack to fit at the foot.

Unconscious Humor

Three freshmen at an eastern university fraternity house claim they were drugged. How does one tell if a freshman is drugged?

Young man, versatile, talented, desires patron (man), to further studies.

—Ad. in N. Y. World.

Personally we are not so particular about the sex.



MOTHER: Come away, Junior, while daddy enjoys his business slump.

To C. C.

With Hopes That This Will End It.

Eyes remote and rather weary . . .
Glance around a barroom dreary . . .
Make a casual, bored notation,
There's that kid with the same vocation!

Call it my defeated pose . . .
Dining solitary . . . so's
To think of some unusual word;
Some clever one you've never heard!

Since, the muse, you interrupted . . .
I admit you were corrupted
With a brand of flattery, swell!
Seems it bribed you over well!

Women, who seem quite aloof,
Sometimes hit the w. k. roof,
When their little thoughts are foiled . . .
By a guy so badly spoiled!

Thus, C. C. . . I wasn't looking
For a thing that took much *ooking* . . .
Hence! . . . no shame! It's common sense
To save your face at my expense!

—E. L.



HOBOKEN, N. J.—A once prosperous saloon keeper, now fifty-three years old, has been forced to beg financial help of his wife, from whom he is separated. Prohibition took away employment in the only trade he knows, but the irony of his misfortune is that one of the most popular speakeasies is on the site of one of his old saloons.

CHICAGO—In New York (and, we understand, other cities) it is sometimes necessary to know the pass-word to gain admittance to a speakeasy. In Chicago all residents of Astor Street are required to give the pass-word before they can enter the block and proceed to their homes. A millionaire sportsman had been on a shooting trip, so when he returned he did not know the countersign, which is changed every month, and could not persuade the officer on guard to let him pass, until his own butler happened to come by and identified him.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—An historian has discovered that George Washington worked as a book agent in this vicinity. He sold a work entitled "The American Savage," and got rid of two hundred copies.



"Gad! That wasn't the washroom after all!"

RESEDA, CALIF.—Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Long are somewhat tired of a chicken diet, for when Mrs. Long lost the diamond out of her ring while feeding her flock of 250 birds, she decided one of the chickens had swallowed it. So one by one the possibilities were eliminated until the stone was found in the crop of the 120th fowl.

CARMEL, CALIF.—Herbert Heron, "poet mayor," is campaigning for colored paving. "It may be green, red or blue," he told the City Council, "but I won't vote for ordinary paving."

And Abroad

MEXICO CITY—Beggars who ordinarily infest Mexico City's streets by hundreds have practically disappeared as a consequence of action of the authorities who rounded up 200 yesterday and subjected them to a thorough cleansing.

VIENNA—Equitas, the world league for the rights of men, has disappeared and its offices are now occupied by a woman's shoe store.

BRISTOL, ENG.—Professor C. W. Valentine has discovered the ten things that make a baby laugh. In the order of their appearance as the baby grows, they are: The approach of food, imitation of adult laughter, tickling, bright objects, surprise, hearing repetitious sounds, intellectual surprise, encounter with familiar person, own accomplishment and discomfiture of others.

PARIS, FRANCE—American talkie producers are in for a tough time. Although films made in this country are very popular abroad the audiences hoot the actors whose lips show them on the screen to be speaking English, but whose supposed voices talk in French, Spanish, Italian or German through the amplifiers.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND—It has really happened. A demonstration by British plumbers at a convention here had to be cancelled, because the plumbers forgot their tools.

WASHAGO, ONT.—The new big Canadian five-cent piece is unpopular with the clergy. They call it "the devil's quarter," as many make a practice of putting the new nickel on the collection plate because their neighbors can mistake it for a twenty-five-cent piece.

MOSCOW—P. P. Bonsky, Russian psychologist, made a study of the energy displayed by boys and girls. He found boys five times as lazy as girls.

PARIS, FRANCE—Visitors to France will be a trifle awed when they see "Pamplemousse" on the menu, but they need not fear as it is only the new name given to our own grapefruit by the Academy of France.

ROTHENBERG, BAVARIA—In commemoration of the saving of the city 300 years ago, the Burgomaster has to consume three and a half quarts of beer at one draught, that being the amount a former Burgomaster drank at the command of an invading general.

BERLIN—A business man in financial straits, who was insured for a million marks, threatened to commit suicide if the insurance company would not buy back his policy. They settled with him for a half million marks.



"Don't you think it would be sweet to let Georgie have your car for a while?"

"Hell, no!"

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *void* with a *i* and get a golfer's error.
- (2) Scramble *raised* with a *p* and get an awful feeling.
- (3) Scramble *coaling* with an *i* and get a reasoning man.
- (4) Scramble *cronies* with an *a* and get a plot.
- (5) Scramble *canter* with a *u* and get a man who can.

(Answers on Page 30)

Weak Excuse

A still was found operating in the hollow stump of a California redwood. We hear the defendant will say he was making root beer.

The Battle of The Month

At the opening of December, Kid Income scored first with a hundred dollar deposit to the bank. Kid Expense sparred for a day or two and then rocked his opponent with a talking doll and electric trains. The next few days were all Kid Expense's as he piled up a bottle of French perfume, a new evening cape and book ends. By this time Kid Income was in pretty bad shape and in need of first aid from his second, Kid Capital.

On the 10th day, Kid Income scored feebly with a fifty dollar deposit, only to be downed on the red ink line by Kid Expense with an electric toaster and a silk muffler. Kid Income took it dollars-and-centsibly and soon retaliated with a hundred dollar deposit that troubled Kid Expense for a while.

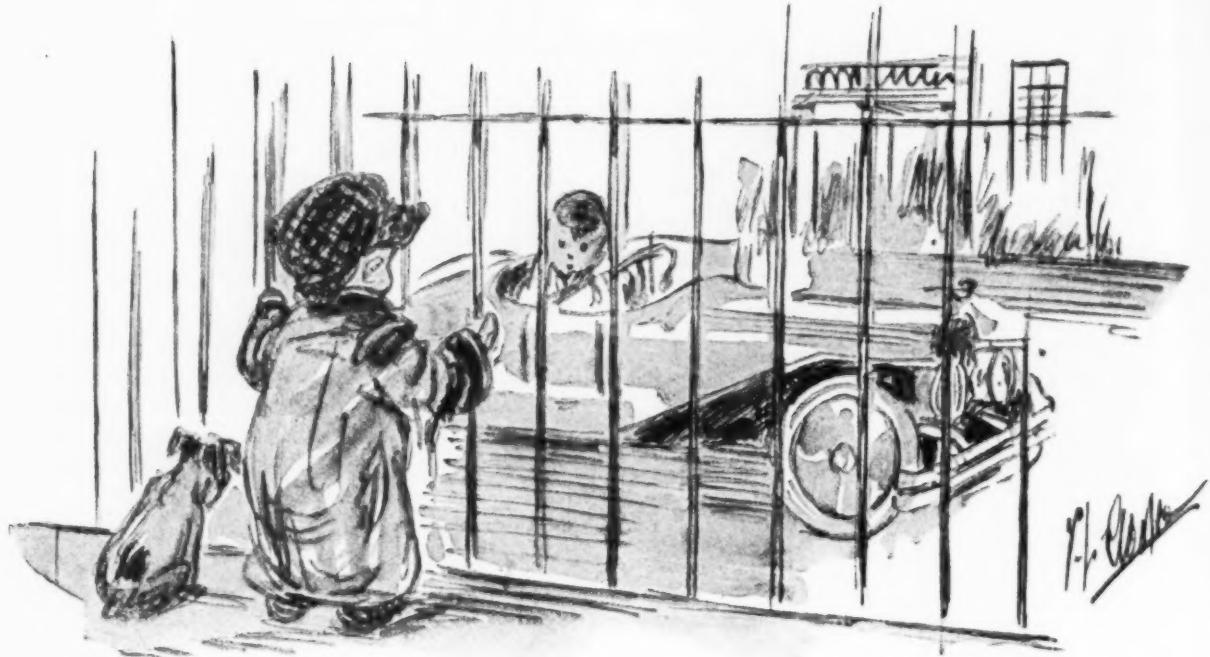
But as Christmas neared, Kid Expense became savage, ruthless. Throwing discretion to the winds, he showered Kid Income with assorted teddy bears to the chin, lead soldiers to the ribs and telling cameras and radios to the solar plexus. When Santa blew his whistle, ending the contest, Kid Income was carried out of the ring in an unconscious condition. According to Kid Capital and Bill Budget, Kid Income cannot recover much before February or March.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



"Shay, I've got a good mind to report you for thish!"

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Dec. 3, 1925

"Say, I don't s'pose ya'd lend us a toy until after Christmas, I don't s'pose,
would ya now? I want to kid a couple o' guys."



Reprinted from LIFE, Dec. 3, 1925

"Never mind, kid, there'll be another Christmas."

"Mama, ya better come down to Santy Claus—
he's stewed again."

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Plays

★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Last season's diverting comedy hit of love and seduction in a speakeasy.

★**GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—Marc Connelly's Pulitzer prize play. The negro's idea of the Bible story beautifully and amusingly done.

★**LYSISTRATA.** *44th Street.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—An hilarious 2000 year old comedy from the Greek of Aristophanes. The Greek women decide to end a twenty year old war by giving the men a choice of war or arms.

★**UP POPS THE DEVIL.** *Masque.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Trials of a very modern young couple's home-life in Greenwich Village. Fun.

★**THAT'S GRATITUDE.** *John Golden.* \$4.40—Frank Craven as a theatrical manager gives a man his last drink and tries out his offer of "eternal gratitude" in the dull season. Hilarious comedy of small town doings.

★**ONCE IN A LIFETIME.** *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Side-splitting comedy satirizing Hollywood and the new talkies wherein the former buttonmaker is now czar of all he surveys.

★**THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.** *Harris.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Zoe Akins' grand play of three ex-chorines making their way and their living. Warning—there's some strong language.

★**BAD GIRL.** *Hudson.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Dramatization of Vina Delmar's novel of obstetrics ably done.

★**MRS. MOONLIGHT.** *Hopkins.* \$4.40—Whimsical drama of the problems of eternal youth. Edith Barrett as a lady who stays at 28 years for three generations.

CIVIC REPERTORY—Eva Le Gallienne and her group in a varied program of modern classics.

★**PAGAN LADY.** *48th Street.* \$3.85—Lenore Ulric comes back in one of her well-known melodramas. This time she's a bootlegger's gal in love with a preacher. If you like her you'll like the show.

★**ROAR CHINA.** *Martin Beck.* \$3.00—Unique staging by the Guild of a Soviet drama of propaganda—all about the brutal white man's invasion of China.

★**ON THE SPOT.** *Forrest.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Edgar Wallace burlesques the Chicago gangster—his feuds, his moll, his funerals—in a swell show.

★**MAN IN POSSESSION.** *Booth.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Another English importation—with Leslie Banks and Isabel Jeans. Good use is made of the old English custom of the Bailiff's representative settling on the debtor's property until his (or her) debts are paid.

★**AS GOOD AS NEW.** *Cort.* \$3.00—Otto Kruger and Vivienne Osborne in a slight comedy of divorce, mistresses and outspoken children.

★**ELIZABETH THE QUEEN.** *Guild.* \$3.00—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt making an historical romance a thing to be remembered.

★**GRAND HOTEL.** *National.* \$4.40—Interesting, exciting and magnificently staged. Thirty-six hours in the lives of eight people in a Continental hotel—with Henry Hull.

★**TONIGHT OR NEVER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Entertaining Belasco comedy with Helen Gahagen as an opera singer whose art suffers because she has never "lived." But all this is attended to.

★**ART AND MRS. BOTTLE.** *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.00—Jane Cowl and her repertory comedy pokes fun at the unmoral arty folk with Leon Quartermaine as the splendidly horrible example. Alternating with—(Monday to Wednesday nights.)

★**TWELFTH NIGHT.** *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.00—Jane Cowl and her company doing justice to the Bard. (Thursday to Saturday nights.)

★**THE VINEGAR TREE.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A middle-aged woman's youthful dream—an artist—comes into her well-ordered life. Mary Boland capably and entertainingly portrays the "girl grown older" in this comedy hit.

★**SCARLET SISTER MARY.** *Barrymore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Ethel Barrymore and her daughter in a dramatization of Miss Peterkin's novel of Gullah negroes.

★**OH PROMISE ME.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—An ambitious young lawyer successfully blackmails an elderly philanderer—broad farce with Lee Tracy.

★**THIS IS NEW YORK.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85—Robert Sherwood's diverting comedy of an attractive young man overcoming the obstacles to wooing a politician's daughter played by Lois Moran.

Musical

★**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.* \$5.00—Bert Lahr and Oscar Shaw keep this on for another run. All about aviation.

★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50—Another musical but exceptional for "The Most Beautiful Girls" and smut.

★**NINA ROSA.** *Majestic.* \$5.50—A real plot with a Mexican locale. With Guy Robertson, Ethelred Terry and Armida.

★**PRINCESS CHARMING.** *Imperial.* \$6.60—Decidedly the most elaborate show in town, but not the most exciting. With the lovely Evelyn Herbert.

★**FINE AND DANDY.** *Erlanger.* \$6.60—Joe Cook in another crazy, mad show. Not to be missed.

(Continued on Page 30)



Henry Hull and Eugenie Lentovitch

Romaine Callender,
Sam Joffre and
Hortense Alden

in Grand Hotel

Our Foolish Contemporaries



LADY CAMPER: *This economical lamp I bought from you doesn't burn.*

VILLAGE SHOPKEEPER: *Well, could anything be more economical?*

—*Passing Show.*

"My husband is just the opposite of me—while I sing he grumbles and growls."

"Then why not stop singing."
—*Fliegende Blaetter, Munich.*

An elderly lady walked into a railroad ticket office at Chicago and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not!" she replied. "By train, if you please." —*Drexerd.*

The ambitious wife of a millionaire gave a big dinner party. Her husband, who had made his money as the inventor of a patent rat poison, was silent during the dinner.

As the ladies left the room, his wife found an opportunity to whisper to him: "Why on earth don't you talk?"

"Talk?" he replied. "Why, what's the use of it? Not a single person here knows anything about rats or rat poison."

—*Tit-Bits.*

It is estimated that a waiter walks twenty miles in the course of his daily duties. No wonder he is too tired to come back with the soup!

—*London Opinion.*

Talking of coincidence. It was the eleventh of the month, I lived in number eleven, and I backed the eleventh horse on the card.

SECOND SPORTSMAN: And your horse won?

FIRST SPORTSMAN: No, he came in eleventh. —*Yale Record.*

Before departing for Russia, Ray Long at a recent luncheon remarked, "The younger generation, nowadays, talks about anything. In fact, it seldom talks about anything else."

—*New York Mirror.*

"Where did you get those big, tender, sympathetic eyes?"

"Oh," replied the sailor, "they came with my face." —*Our Navy.*

SERVANT (announcing new arrival at the party): Mr. Tootle.

MR. TOOTLE (in undertone): And Mrs. Tootle.

SERVANT: And Mrs. Tootle, too.

—*Bury Post.*

Mother was having guests for dinner and three-year-old Lee was trying to entertain them. After showing all his toys, etc., he went up to one young man and said, "Now, would you like to brush your teeth? We have toothbrushes." —*Parents' Magazine.*



"Emil, if you don't mind, I'd like to change places and sit at the top a while." —*Hummel, Hamburg.*

A little boy was running madly along the street. A kindly old lady stopped him and said: "My dear little boy, where are you going so fast?" The little boy answered: "I'm running for a doctor; my grandpa's sick!"

"Now," replied the old lady, "you run right back to grandpa and tell him he only thinks he's sick."

A couple of days later, the kindly old lady saw the little boy in the street again. "My dear little boy," she said, "is your grandpa all right now?"

"Yes," replied the little boy, "he's all right now. He thinks he's dead, and we are going to bury him next Sunday!"

—*London Evening Standard.*

"And how is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises, Mrs. Neuquids?"

"You'd be surprised—that battleship 'e 'ad tattooed on 'is chest is now only a row boat!" —*Catalina Islander.*



BURGLAR (reprovingly): *Always throw the small spoons back again, Bert.*

—*Humorist.*

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IMPERIAL PALACE, by Arnold Bennett. *Doubleday, Doran Co.*, \$2.50. Best since his *Riceyman Steps*. A super hotel director meets modernistic English super-girl. What happens between them and all around them here presented in 769 pages of flagrant and fragrant arnoldbennett dialog and penetrating descriptive prose. Eighty-five characters, smartly silhouetted. What writing! What intimacies! What disillusionments!

THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY, by D. H. Lawrence. *Alfred Knopf, Inc.*, \$2.50. Posthumous short novel of 173 pages, unrevised before D. H. L. went west. Would he have attempted to make it better? Undoubtedly. Would he have succeeded? No. The formula is familiar enough—a feminine soul seeking escape from tradition. But it is one of Lawrence's best.

ABOUT THE MURDER OF GERALDINE FOSTER, by Anthony Abbot. *Covici, Friede*, \$2. Late thriller, conventional in technique, and yet there is a kind of horror about it, Lady Macbeth stuff, which amplifies our shudders at the end. Two other pretty good ones are: MURDER BY LATITUDE, by Rufus King (*Crime Club*, \$1), and THE MARSTON MURDER CASE, by W. A. Stowell (*Appleton*, \$2).

LETTERS OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, edited by William Lyon Phelps. *Bobbs-Merrill Co.*, \$5. The homely simplicity of near genius in dialect poetry, here disclosed in his own hand, containing much interesting pre-war personal material. "This Monsieur Riley has by nature what you and I have spent twenty years to acquire," remarked Coquelin to Irving, summing him up fairly enough.

EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE MAKERS, by Thomas Hamilton Ormsbee. *T. Y. Crowell Co.*, \$3.50. With numerous plates. Extraordinarily interesting book about early American antiques and in particular their makers. A good holiday gift book, filling one with envy, greed, remorse and other domestic antiquarian passions.

OLD FRANCE, by John G. Coulter. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, \$3.50. Whether you have been there or not, or aren't going, it makes no difference. Here, in compact form, do we get the background of France, making even mod-

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NEW YORK

ern guide books understandable. The author, succeeding in giving his book life, color, human interest, should per-

haps doff his chapeau to his subject—never dull, as countries go.

—Thomas L. Masson.

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PRESIDENTE
HAVANA

A Hotel of distinction, convenient to the Country Club, Jockey Club, Casino, Yacht Clubs and bathing beach, occupies a strategic position in the very center of Havana's social and diplomatic world—yet away from the noise of the city. Then too, one may dine on the Terrace in the Continental manner overlooking the Boulevard, along which flows a picturesque and everchanging vista of Havana life.

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For literature and reservations address the Manager, Hotel Bermudiana, Bermuda. Or Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall St., or 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Or any authorized tourist agent.

Answers to Anagrins

On Page 23

- (1) Divot.
- (2) Despair.
- (3) Logician.
- (4) Scenario.
- (5) Centaur.

After eating a business man's lunch, you begin to suspect that the proprietor is the real business man.

—New York World.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

HAMS

from
Ole Virginia
for
Christmas
Cooked by a time
honored recipe

NATIVE Virginia Hams from peanut-fed pork—cured dry in salt and smoked leisurely with hickory chips. An old plantation method that preserves all their savory goodness. They are cooked by hallowed Colonial recipe using brown sugar, black pepper, molasses . . . As good as though you went to the plantation smokehouse—picked out the ham and had Mammy cook it. Delight guaranteed. . . . Delivered prices, east of Mississippi River. For points west, add 25c. Small \$7.00—Medium \$9.00—Large \$12.00—Order for yourself—for gifts to friends. Prompt shipments.

R. L. CHRISTIAN & COMPANY
406 E. Broad St.
Richmond, Va.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 25)

- ★**BROWN BUDDIES.** *Liberty*, \$3.00—Bill Robinson and his imitable tap dancing in an all-colored show with pep.
- ★**THREE'S A CROWD.** *Selwyn*, \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Knockout revue with the well-known trio—Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb. Just try and get seats.
- ★**GIRL CRAZY.** *Alvin*, \$5.50—What happens when loony easterners invade the west. Gershwin music—with Willie Howard—and Ethel Merman stopping the show with her blues number. Swell.
- ★**BLACKBIRDS OF 1930.** *Royale*, \$3.85—Just another second edition of a hit—not so good.
- ★**SMILES.** *Ziegfeld*, \$6.60—Marilyn Miller and the Astaires with all the Ziegfeld trimmings. An orphan adopted by three doughboys has grown up—and comes to see them. How did you know Marilyn Miller was the orphan?
- ★**HELLO PARIS.** *Shubert*, \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Chic Sale—famous author—entertains in a musical comedy based on "They Had To See Paris."
- ★**SWEET AND LOW.** *Chanin's 46th Street*, \$5.50—Fannie Brice and George Jessel in another revue. Very broad and sometimes dull.

Records

Victor

"I'M A DING DONG DADDY"—Johnny Johnson and His Orchestra in a hilarious novelty number, containing a contagious laugh and a non-gasp talk by Harry MacDaniel and "THE ONE MAN BAND"—Ted Weems and His Orchestra presenting another attractive novelty.

"UKULELE MOON"—The Troubadours with Frank Luther and Lew Conrad harmonizing on the chorus. Just what is a "ukulele moon"? Mediocre. and "WHO'S CALLING YOU SWEETHEART TONIGHT"—Bernie Cummins and His New Yorker Hotel Orchestra. An inquiry, clearly orchestrated and carefully played, but still one of the many so-so records.

Columbia

"FOOTBALL FREDDY" and "FRATERNITY BLUES"—Ted Wallace and His Campus Boys putting over two lively rah-rah tunes. Recommended to those who like such.

"LAUGHING AT LIFE" and "I'M YOURS"—(Movie—Leave It To Lester)—Ruth Etting giving some sound advice, and then some information in her imitable manner.

Brunswick

"I'M YOURS" (Movie—Leave It To Lester) and "MAYBE IT'S LOVE" (Movie—Maybe It's Love)—Nick Lucas with his guitar and a little help from an orchestra. We wish Nick could use some songs that hadn't already been sung to death.

Sheet Music

- "What A Fool I've Been" (No show)
- "Hurt" (No show)
- "Get Goin'" (No show)
- "Baby's Birthday Party" (No show)
- "My Dream of Dreams" ("The Well of Romance")
- "Could You Use Me" ("Girl Crazy")
- "Dancin' Way Your Sin" ("Brown Buddies")

You Gave Him His Name!



SINBAD

Sinbad's latest exploit is crashing into book form: Forty full pages of his adventures, and mostly twelve pictures to a page!

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SINBAD

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Better order now as edition is limited.

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Life in Society



Two Popular Debutantes Caught by
LIFE's Cameraman

Miss Dorothy McWhicker opening the aquatic festivities at Palm Beach by buckjumping over Miss Fay Goodbuckle on the beach in front of the Casino. Mr. H. K. Chuffy, Jr. (background) is playing snip-snap-snorem with a general house-maid whom he met under the raft.

Mrs. Hugh L. Van Allen purchased a yacht yesterday and christened it "Apple" to help the unemployment situation.

About one hundred tables were in play yesterday at the benefit bridge for the piano fund of the music department of the Ladies' Club of Pelham Manor held at the clubhouse. Over 400 voices were raised at the benefit.

The Bridgeport Botany Club will listen tonight to talks on asters by Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. McCook, if somebody keeps nudging them during the lecture.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Alfred Schmer, of Newport, are passing a foughnight at the Vanderbilt Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence D. Sness will give an informal locomotive tomorrow during the Army-Navy football game.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson Trimmins, of Southampton, started last night with a party of friends for a trip to South America on their yacht. For some reason the party ended up on the rocks off Barney's Reef, in Greenwich Village.

The weekly run of the Pebble Brook Hunt Club will take place today, the hounds meeting at Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howell's place with their tongues hanging out.

Mrs. Frederick H. Appleton has returned to her new home, Ma Jolie, in Newport, to look for herself because the papers insist she is there for the late Fall season.

—Jack Cluett.

FURNNESS leads the way to Bermuda

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The Furness liners M. S. "BERMUDA" and S. S. "VEENDAM" are the largest, most luxurious, and most popular boats in New York-Bermuda Service . . .

Round Trip \$70 up
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For reservations and complete information apply Furness Bermuda Line, 34 Whitehall St., (where Broadway begins) 565 Fifth Avenue, New York or any Authorized Agent.

Christmas is a happy time

AT Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Christmas is a happy adventure that lasts all day long. It is full of delightful surprises for everybody. Carols in the morning. Filled stockings. A family turkey. Wreaths. Garlands. Here is all the charm of a Christmas at home, all the gaiety, all the comfort and friendliness . . . without the trouble and the attendant exhaustion. In addition, there is the beauty of the sea, the crispness of the air, the brilliance of the winter sun . . . and the Boardwalk by night! . . .



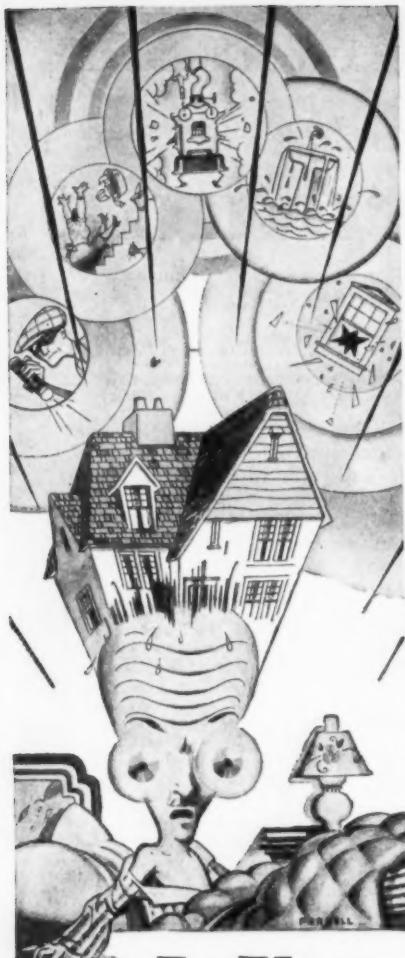
a veritable Christmas Fairy-land. Write for information. There is a Motoramp garage.

American and European Plans

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall

ATLANTIC CITY
LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY





Is Your House on Your Mind?

Do you ever wake up staring into space thinking of all the things that can and do happen?

There they go now, burglars!... But, listen, drip, drip, drip—a leak in the plumbing?... My, oh my, that dark stairway, the cook fell—she's suing you for damages?... Great heavens, the furnace exploded?... Broken windows? Bills, bills, bills—who's going to pay them?

Why not let *Aetna*? *Aetna's* new Home Owners' Policy offsets 5 ever-present hazards: Burglary—Water Damage—Liability—Glass Breakage, and Plumbing and Heating Repairs. Ask the *Aetna-izer* in your community how little this policy costs.

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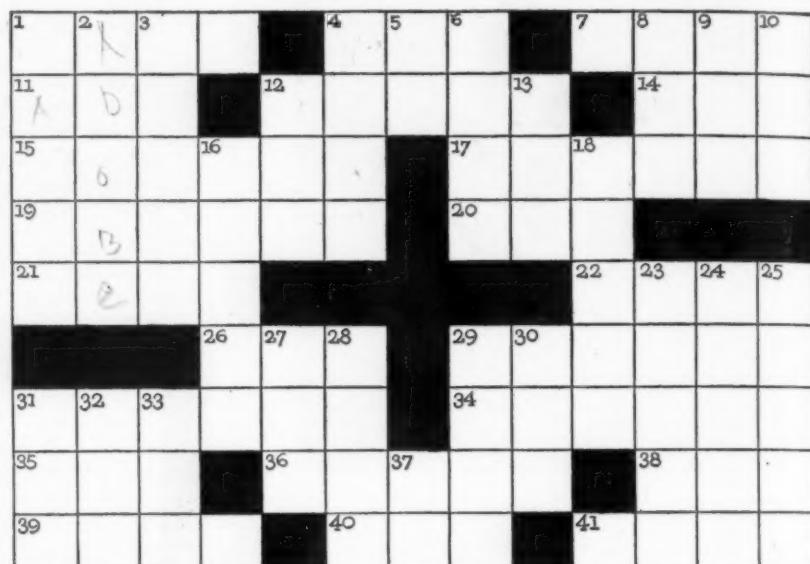
AETNA-IZE

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 70

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and *LIFE* will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, *LIFE*, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes December 26.



ACROSS

1. Greetings from the pup.
4. Congressional fuel.
7. In them hills.
11. Girl's name.
12. This is frozen.
14. The lawyer's best friend.
15. This is good for a buck.
17. One swell baby.
19. To do a favor.
20. This has the hives.
21. Where a young man should go.
22. Where said young man starts from.
26. This is the end of everything.
29. To roam.
31. This is a fright.
34. What congressmen take up.
35. Man's name.
36. Where the little birdies go.
38. Obstinate.
39. This man has children.
40. Before.
41. Textile fabric. (pl.)

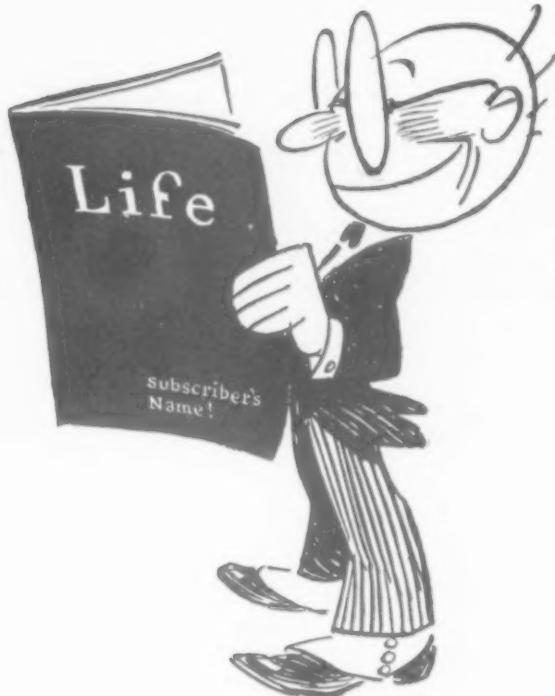
DOWN

1. The girl he left behind.
2. A sun dried brick.
3. Irritates.
4. Triangular piece.
5. Arrived. (Abbr.)
6. A quick one.
8. Often. (poetical)
9. Hawaiian necklace.
10. Thieves hangout.
12. The old gray mare.
13. Color.
16. Measure.
18. Appears to be.
23. What every husband thinks he gets.
24. You have to take this lying down.
25. These are trying.
27. Numbers. (Abbr.)
28. You'll fall for this.
29. Ceremonious act.
30. What was left of the fire.
31. Most people wait to get this.
32. Age.
33. Ghostly answer.
37. Abraham's home town.

THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND

Here's a Gift for the LIFE-Giver

This year, besides the fifty-two separate instalments of fun you give with a subscription to LIFE, you give—and get—a special gift with LIFE'S compliments. Up to January 10th, every subscriber who sends a gift order gets a gay red LIFE binder to smarten up the reading table and prevent LIFE'S being swiped from there.



All you need to do is to order for yourself and the lucky folks to whom you're giving LIFE, a new subscription (to begin with the special Christmas issue, out next week) or a renewal (to take effect on expiration date), and right away we'll send the binders imprinted in gold with the names you print in the proper spots below.

LIFE,
60 East 42nd St., New York
With the gift order (s) below please send me a year of LIFE at \$5.00 with
binder.

new
 renewal

LIFE-Giver's Name (to be imprinted on binder)

LIFE-Giver's Address

LIFE,
60 East 42nd Street, New York
Please send a gift year of LIFE at \$5.00 to:

new
 renewal

LIFE-Givee's Name (to be imprinted on binder)

LIFE-Givee's Address

- Send Christmas gift card to me.
- Send them to recipients.

LIFE,
60 East 42nd Street, New York
Please send a gift year of LIFE at \$5.00 to:

new
 renewal

LIFE-Givee's Name (to be imprinted on binder)

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